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FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

A Cameo Life-Sketch.



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BY

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Telephone : 15143 Central
Telegrams : "Tactics, London."

Colours : Green, Gold and White.
Weekly Paper : "THE VOTE," 1d.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

Women's Freedom League

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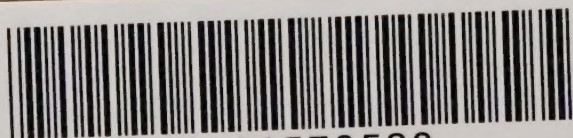
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THREEPENCE NET.

FOURTH EDITION.

PUBLISHED BY THE WOMEN'S FREEDOM LEAGUE,
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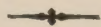
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Florence Nightingale

A CAMEO LIFE-SKETCH

By MARION HOLMES



Sense v. Sentiment.

“Florence Nightingale never agitated for a vote! Why don't you women follow her example—do your own work, and leave men's alone?”

It was in the early days of the great awakening in the women's movement. A crowd jostled and jeered round a platform in Hyde Park from which a woman was speaking. Contemptuous or jocular advice to “go home and wash the baby,” or “cook the dinner,” was met with the baffling imperturbability of the practised dealer with rowdyism. The above interruption, however, unexpectedly drew her fire.

“If we followed Florence Nightingale's example we should spend our time clearing up the muddles made by the Government; we should reorganise the Home Office and the War Office——”

“She nursed the sick and wounded,”—came the angry interjection.

“She didn't do it by standing at their bedsides smoothing their brows, giving them cooling drinks, and obeying the doctor's orders meekly,” the speaker retorted. “That's what most people imagine she did out in the Crimea. Because she was a woman you smother her work with sentiment and thereby lose sight

of its greatness. Florence Nightingale was a great statesman, a great administrator and sanitarian, a strong-minded, firm-handed genius. She cleared up one of the most appalling muddles the world has ever seen. She brought order out of chaos; she solved a problem that baffled both the Government of the day and the Army authorities. She was just as convinced a Suffragist, too, as we are. She knew, from practical experience, the need there is for women's help in the business of the State. She was abused, and called names, and vilified by her contemporaries, the same as——” But a roar of shocked protest from the crowd drowned any further destruction of the popular conception of England's most famous heroine.

A Name to Conjure With.

The woman whose name is known throughout the whole civilized world provides a striking instance of the tendency of a generation to endow its heroes and heroines with the ideal characteristics of its own time. Born in 1820, Florence Nightingale grew to maturity during the early and mid-Victorian eras. The ideal woman of that day was clinging, gentle, timid; she looked to man always for guidance and support. That she should have courage, or initiative, that she should pursue a bold and strong course of action, was unthinkable! And so, Florence Nightingale, the strong, capable, “brainy” woman, the woman with force, the woman who exercised a bold authority, has been obscured by the persistent presentment of the Lady with the Lamp, going on her round through the sick wards, giving a gentle word here, a healing touch there. And even this one-sided and inadequate conception of her great work was accepted only after her mission had proved an undeniable success. The most popular heroine in history had to pay the price that is exacted from all pioneers. Bitter, venomous attacks, misrepresentation, irredeemably vulgar slanders, signalled her departure for the Crimea. Before her name became for all time a name to conjure with, it was the butt for the coarse wit

and ridicule of the day. The speaker in Hyde Park was howled down because she was telling a crowd the truth: seldom a proceeding that makes for popularity!

Wise Foresight.

Born in Florence—hence her name—Miss Nightingale passed the first few years of her life in Italy. Her father, William Edward Shore Nightingale, was an exceptionally cultured and broadminded man. Luckily for his daughters, he did not believe that a girl's education was complete when she had acquired a knowledge of Berlin wool-work, and a few elegant accomplishments; and so he saw to it that they had all the advantages of education and training that he would have given to sons had he had them. Florence and her sister Parthenope—afterwards Lady Verney—studied science and mathematics, Greek and Latin, and many other subjects dubbed by Mrs. Grundy “unwomanly” and “unsexing.” She was trained, too, to realise her responsibilities to those who were less fortunately placed than herself, and at Lea Hurst, in Derbyshire, where the greater part of her childhood was spent, she and her sister were familiar visitors in the homes of the poor. Thus the dictates of head and heart were alike given free play, and she grew to womanhood with a cultivated sense of the value of human life; of sympathy—based on practical knowledge—with the life struggle of the poor, and an alert, trained, richly-stored brain; fit equipment for the great destiny she was afterwards called to fulfil.

Rebellion, and her Chosen Work.

Even in her nursery days her bent towards nursing and the care of the sick showed itself. It is said that her dolls were always inmates of a make-believe hospital, receiving assiduous care. Her first “alive” patient was a shepherd's dog, whose broken leg she bandaged and nursed into wholeness again.

As she grew older her whole nature instinctively rebelled against the vapid and aimless existence that

the "young lady of the period" led, and she determined to take up a systematic study of the work she loved. In those days the care of the sick in this country was in the hands of rough women, untrained and often of the coarsest type. Such a course as she suggested was, for a young lady of good birth and education, almost unprecedented, and one can imagine the direful prophecies and disapproving head-wagging that it would cause. Happily, the wealthy and well-born Miss Nightingale could afford to scorn the conventions that stood between her and her chosen work. She set about getting the necessary training undisturbed by criticism or comment. Coming to London she studied the methods pursued at all the big hospitals in the metropolis. Afterwards she visited Edinburgh and Dublin and observed the methods in vogue there.

Another Name to Conjure with.

It was at this critical time in her career that she met Elizabeth Fry, who was just then nearing the end of her great reform work. On the Continent the Sisters of Charity, pious, trained and highly educated, had set up an ideal of nursing that had begun to inspire some Englishwomen with a desire to see it adopted in this country, and Mrs. Fry, who had visited many of the prisons and hospitals abroad, had founded a small training home for nurses in London. One can readily picture the interest with which the aged, saintly reformer and the eager, young pioneer would discuss their respective visions and ideals. Mrs. Fry had spent some little time at Kaiserwerth, in Germany, in the wonderful institution founded by Pastor Fliedner, and was filled with admiration for the system in vogue there, and the valuable work done by the Protestant Deaconesses of Kaiserwerth amongst the sick and the poor.

Her account of it fired Miss Nightingale with a desire to go and see for herself. In 1849 she set off on a lengthened tour abroad, visited the religious nurses of France and Italy, studied their methods, and then

went to Kaiserwerth. She enrolled herself as a voluntary nurse at the Deaconess Institution there, and went through a course of systematic rigorous training: a course which was, as she herself always gratefully admitted, of the utmost value to her in her after work.

A Momentous Friendship.

On her return to England she gave some years to philanthropic activities. She took in charge the Harley Street Home for Sick Governesses, which had lapsed into a very unsatisfactory condition both as regards funds and organization, and put it on its feet again. She also gave valuable help to her friends and neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Herbert, in their many benevolent schemes. This friendship led, as all the world knows, to momentous results for Florence Nightingale.

War !

The Crimean War broke out in the early spring of 1854. France and England were allies in the protection of Turkey from Russian aggression, and many still remember the tremendous enthusiasm that greeted the sailing of the troops for the Baltic, on their way to the seat of war.

England had been at peace since the Napoleonic struggle, a period of forty years, and the blood of the nation was surging for another fight. Time had obliterated the memory of the horrors of war. Victory and glory were the only aspects that were dwelt upon.

Victory—and the Aftermath.

In due time came tidings of success. Alma was won. Then following quick on its track came other and less palatable news. The wounded were dying untended, the sick were uncared for. The army administration had proved itself utterly incapable of meeting the real test of efficiency—war. Gross neglect and mismanagement were exhibited in every department. The commissariat had broken down. Stores had been

landed some hundreds of miles away from the seat of war and were rotting there, while soldiers and wounded were starving for want of them. Clothing and medical requisites had been packed in the holds of vessels beneath ammunition, and could not be got at when required. The surgeons were often without lint and bandages, and other necessities for ambulance and hospital work. *The Times* war correspondent, William Howard Russell, braving the obloquy which he knew would follow his "glaring indiscretion," wrote home heart-breaking accounts. "The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or cleanliness, and for all I can observe the men die without the least effort to save them. There they lie, just as they were let gently down on the ground by the poor fellows who brought them on their backs from the camp, with the greatest tenderness, but who are not allowed to remain with them."

The wounded accumulated in appalling numbers after the battles of Alma and Balaklava, and the staff of army doctors, unassisted by trained nurses, was insufficient to deal with them. The only helpers they had were the male orderlies who were accustomed to give a sort of rough and ready assistance in the military hospitals. The healthiest of these, however, were needed at the front, and those who were left behind to assist were often only a little less sick than the patients they were supposed to tend.

A Contrast.

This uncared for state of our soldiers was rendered more glaring by contrast with the different conditions that prevailed in the French camps and hospitals. There, Sisters of Mercy went from stretcher to stretcher, administering food and giving help to the wounded. They had been trained in their convent-homes in the work of sick nursing, and when the call from their country came they were ready and fully equipped.

“Are there no devoted women amongst us”—wrote Russell, “able and willing to minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East in the hospitals at Scutari? Are none of the daughters of England at this extreme hour of need ready for such a work of mercy? Must we fall so far below the French in self-sacrifice and devotion, in a work which Christ so signally blesses as done unto Himself? ‘I was sick and ye visited Me?’”

Well-meaning, but Unfit.

A wave of intense indignation swept over the country at the war correspondent's revelations, and the authorities at home were inundated with applications from women of all classes, who, moved by the harrowing accounts, were anxious to go out as nurses. But, unfortunately, at that date women who had any trained knowledge of the art of nursing were few and far between, and it was recognised that the sending out of willing, but ignorant volunteers, would only add to the general confusion and muddle.

“The One Woman.”

Mr. Sidney Herbert was at the head of the War Department, and instinctively his mind turned to his friend Florence Nightingale, as the one woman in England who was fitted by her training, position and character to organise a nursing staff for the Crimea. Fortunately he was a statesman in a position to influence his colleagues in the Government, and his recommendation of her was received with approval and relief. He was empowered to write to her conveying the Government's request that she would undertake the colossal task.

In his letter he paid a tribute to her capacities for filling a public post at an hour of crisis, “such as”—says Mrs. Sarah Tooley in her interesting “Life of Florence Nightingale”—had never been paid before to a woman by a responsible Minister of a Government “I must not conceal from you,” he wrote, “that upon

your decision will depend the ultimate success or failure of the plan—your own personal qualities, your knowledge, and your power of administration, and, among greater things, your rank and position in society, give you advantages in such a work which no other person possesses. If this succeeds, an enormous amount of good will be done now, and to persons deserving everything at our hands, and which will multiply the good to all time.”

A Historic “Post.”

Meanwhile, Miss Nightingale, in common with the rest of the country, had read Mr. Russell’s appeal and humiliating facts, and her woman’s sense of the value of life was roused,—the mother sense that exists in almost every member of the sex that pays so dearly for its bestowal. On the same day—October 15th, 1854—that Mr. Herbert’s letter was written, one was penned by her to the Government, offering her services in the hospitals at Scutari. The two letters crossed in the post.

“Punch” and Mrs. Grundy.

Within a week she had her first contingent of nurses in marching order, and her name rang through the land. Though many of course were ready to applaud her self-sacrifice and devotion, there were others who were only too ready to condemn and vilify qualities they were not capable of appreciating. The conventional ideas of “true womanliness” and “ladylike deportment” were outraged beyond words. That a lady should go out to nurse common soldiers! Mrs. Grundy cast horrified hands abroad! *Punch* indulged in his usual pleasantries. It was inconceivable that women could be actuated in anything they did, but by the old deeply rooted desire to ensnare husbands. The “dear nightingales would in due time become ringdoves.”

A Wise Autocracy.

Meantime Miss Nightingale suffered as little from these attacks and calumnies as might be, for her whole mind was given up to the work she had to do. She

chose her helpers with great care. She insisted that she must have supreme control; the military nurse, like the military soldier, must render unquestioning obedience to her superior officer. A sufficiency of candidates was eventually chosen from Roman Catholic and Protestant institutions: a proceeding which promptly caused the "no popery" cry to be raised, and set zealous clerics snapping at her as one who was bent on converting the British soldier to papacy.

The Start.

She and her band started on their great errand of merciful succour by night, leaving London on the evening of October 21st. They were accompanied by her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, both of whom, I may mention here, gave valuable and important assistance in her arduous work. They went overland through France to Marseilles, and when they landed at Boulogne the fishwives almost fought for the privilege of carrying the luggage of *les bonnes sœurs* to the station, and not a sou would they accept in payment. The "Angel Band," as Kinglake calls them in his "History of the Invasion of the Crimea," landed at Scutari on November 4th, the day before the battle of Inkerman.

Suffering Measured in Miles.

The great Barrack Hospital at Scutari was lent to the British Government by Turkey. It was a fine handsome building in the form of a quadrangle, beautifully situated on a hill overlooking the Bosphorus. Each side of the quadrangle was nearly a quarter of a mile long, and the galleries and corridors that it contained measured over four miles in extent. Four miles of filth, pestilence, misery, suffering and disorder, such as has seldom been seen! On either side of the endless corridors the wounded lay closely packed, lacking the commonest decencies or necessities of life. It took several days to ship the men from the battlefield of the Crimea, across the Black Sea to Scutari, and the majority of those who came had not had their

wounds dressed, or their fractured limbs set. Nolan, in his account of the war, says that in those early months "there were no vessels for water, or utensils of any kind; no soap, towels or cloths; the men lying in their uniforms stiff with gore, and covered with filth to a degree and of a kind that no one could write about."

The Augean Stables of Scutari.

One can but faintly imagine Florence Nightingale's thoughts as she made her first tour of the wards of this hotbed of pestilence. She and her nurses had to cleanse these Augean stables, to bring order and cleanliness out of this barbaric chaos; they had to turn into a well-ordered hospital what Kinglake calls the hell—the appalling hell—of these vast barrack wards and corridors. There were no kitchens, no cooks suitable for hospital needs, no proper provision for the necessary laundry work, and no sanitation. Mrs. Grundy's ideal, the gentle "womanly" woman whose ideas of nursing the sick soared no higher than smoothing pillows and administering cooling drinks, would have been in a parlous state here; she would have fled in hysterics.

A Woman's Brain.

Luckily for the suffering soldiers, however, the Lady-in-Chief—as Miss Nightingale was designated in Government dispatches—possessed brain and will, as well as heart. Her organising genius was soon at work, and in spite of the fact that a day or two after her arrival a fearful avalanche of wounded soldiery from the fields of Inkerman descended upon her, within *ten days* she had fitted up a kitchen from which a large number of patients were daily supplied with well-cooked food, and brought some semblance of order and comfort into the wards. She also established a laundry, one of the most pressing and important needs, and soon had it in working order.

Red-Tape and Defiance.

The Lady-in-Chief had been informed by the War

Secretary before she sailed, that medical stores had been sent out by the "ton weight," but she found on reaching Scutari that, by some stupid mismanagement, these had been landed at Varna, about 145 miles away. The loss of "The Prince," a boat that was coming out laden with supplies, also further increased her difficulties, and she had to draw very largely on the private stores that she had had the foresight to take out with her, to supply the deficiencies that existed on all sides.

She was further hampered by the red-tape restrictions that bound on all sides the serving out of the Government stores—such as they were! Nothing could be obtained until many and various "service rules" had been observed. The needs of the suffering soldiers, however, stood first in the mind of the Lady-in-Chief, and when their interests were at stake, she had a contempt for precedent and red-tape that led her to ignore them royally. When men were dying daily for want of suitable food, she declined altogether to listen to the under-officials who were afraid to open the stores without the regulation order, and so, as she could not expect them to incur the penalty of martial law for disobeying orders, she took the law into her own hands, and broke them open herself!

Outraged Officialdom.

It is perhaps not altogether surprising that these "high-handed" proceedings should bring some adverse criticism from those whose authority was thus set at defiance. Kinglake speaks of the doctors who uttered "touching complaints, declaring that the Lady-in-Chief did not choose to give them time (it was always time the males wanted), and that the moment a want declared itself, she made haste to supply it herself." This historian, however, has a most intense regard and admiration for Miss Nightingale and vindicates her actions in the most complete fashion. Speaking of the resentment that was felt by the lesser authorities at her insistence on supreme authority, he says: "To have power was an essential condition of success in her

sacred cause ; and of power accordingly she knew and felt the worth, rightly judging that in all sorts of matters within which she deemed its true range, her word must be law. . . . For the sake of the cause she had to maintain her dictatorship and . . . check the growth of authority, even in small matters—if not derived from herself. She was apparently careful in this direction and, though outwardly calm, when provoked, could give strong effect to her anger.”

An Ostrich-Like Policy.

A fund for the purchase of comforts for the sick and wounded, set afoot and organised by *The Times*, was generously supported, and Mr. Macdonald, a man of high character and great good sense, was sent to the East to distribute it to the best advantage. When he reached Scutari he was assured by those in authority that he had been guilty of “carrying coals to Newcastle.” Everything was “all right.” Nothing was wanted. Officialdom was up in arms at the imputation that it had been guilty of any neglect or want of foresight. The whole service, from Commandant down to orderly, conspired to keep the true state of affairs from reaching the public if possible. Mr. Macdonald was advised—by a very high official—to spend his money in building an English church at Pera !

The Lady-in-Chief, however, undeterred as ever by the bogey of officialdom, took *The Times* Commissioner round the wards, and a use was soon found for his so-called, superfluous cash ; beds, pillows, sheets, sanitary appliances, even drugs were wanted in large quantities, as well as food and clothing, and these he provided generously and promptly from the markets of Constantinople.

Other Helpers.

Mention must be made, too, of the valuable help given to Miss Nightingale by M. Soyer, who came to Scutari to place his expert service in cooking at her disposal. With his aid, as she gratefully acknowledged,

she was enabled to make the culinary arrangements of the Scutari Hospital as nearly perfect as possible. Another of her valued allies was Mr. Stafford, a young and general favourite of society, who left his life of ease and pleasure to be Miss Nightingale's "fag," as he phrased it. "Whether fetching and carrying for her," writes Kinglake, "or writing her letters, or orders, or orally conveying her wishes to public servants or others, he for months and months faithfully toiled, obeying in all things her word."

The Lady with the Lamp.

Cholera broke out in the army during the terrible winter of '54-55, and it is said that the avenues to the wards were never free from the two streams of stretchers, one bringing in the stricken, the other carrying out the dead. As the weather increased in severity, the troops, which were then engaged on the long and awful siege of Sebastopol, suffered terribly from frost-bite. Many of them had only thin linen clothing, fit for hot countries; and though a sufficiency of blankets and warm clothing had been sent out, the army administration had again proved itself unequal to the strain that was put upon it, and the clothing never reached the men. The death rate was terrible. "At one time," Miss Nightingale wrote, "it was higher than during the Great Plague of London."

Naturally the work of the medical and nursing staff was enormous, and the duties and responsibilities of the Lady-in-Chief were formidable in the extreme. Yet there is no record that throughout that terrible winter was this member of the so-called "weaker" sex once unable to discharge her duties.

When the wounded were brought in she has been known to stand for twenty hours at a time in the blood-stained, operating room, decreeing herself to go through the pain of witnessing pain, so that her presence might bring comfort and support to the maimed and lacerated victims of war. After the surgeons had gone their last rounds she was to be seen in her plain, black dress,

white apron, and closely fitting cap, going through the wards on a tour of inspection, a lamp in her hand. No wonder the soldiers accorded her a gratitude that almost amounted to worship; no wonder that they turned

“ . . . to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.”

“Tommy’s Wife.”

The Lady-in-Chief proved as good a friend to the soldier’s wife in the Crimea as to “Tommy” himself, though this part of the work is apt to be overlooked, because of the overshadowing importance of her work in the hospitals.

The wives who had followed the army were housed by the authorities in the damp basement of the hospital, “and there by the light of a rushlight,” records Mrs. Tooley, “the meals were taken, the sick attended; there the babies were born and nourished.” Miss Nightingale sought them out, and gave them decent food and clothing from her own stores, and eventually persuaded the authorities to remove them to healthier quarters. She gave some of them work in her laundry, and obtained situations for others in families in Constantinople; she also started a school for the children. Altogether, through her energy and thoughtfulness, about five hundred women were raised from misery and destitution, and enabled to help themselves.

At the Front.

In May, 1855, the Lady-in-Chief visited the front, as the Crimea was called. She inspected some of the trenches before the besieged city of Sebastopol, and saw the famous heights of Balaclava with its valley of death sacred to the memory of the noble six hundred. It was during this visit to the battlefield that she was attacked by a severe bout of fever. Alarmist reports immediately spread, and it was said that she was dying! The consternation, both in the army and at home, was terrible; it was felt by everyone that her death would

be a great national calamity. Luckily, the suspense was not long drawn out; the worst symptoms soon passed, and her invaluable life was spared to finish the work she had begun.

Faithful to the End.

When she recovered she was urged to sail for England, but she declared that she could not desert her post. As long as her soldiers needed her she would stay by them.

Sebastopol fell on September 9th, 1855, but it was not until the following July that the allied armies were finally recalled. All through that long winter Florence Nightingale remained in the East, working indefatigably, ruling the hospitals, organising occupation and amusement for convalescent soldiers, running a money order office for the benefit of the wives at home.

Not until all the hospitals were closed, and the last batch of soldiers was under sailing orders for home, did she leave the scenes of her phenomenal labours. Her last act before leaving the Crimea was to have raised, at her own expense, a monster white marble cross as a monument to the dead.

The Government desired to convey her home in a warship, and the whole country longed to do her homage, but she characteristically declined these honours, and made her way home, travelling incognita as "Miss Smith." She reached her old home, Lea Hurst—tradition says she stole in at the back door—on August 8th, 1856, after an absence of twenty months—twenty months crammed full of labour of the noblest kind, the labour of saving life and ameliorating suffering.

Laurels and Bays.

But though the heroine of the Crimea might desire to seclude herself, the public gratitude would not be balked of all means of expression, and a memorial fund of £50,000 was quickly and joyfully subscribed. Before leaving for home she had received from the Queen a beautiful jewel designed by the Prince Consort,

and the Government had officially recognized her services in the following tribute, spoken by Lord Ellesmere in the spring of 1856, when the Treaty of Peace was under consideration :—

“The angel of mercy still lingers to the last on the scene of her labours, but her mission is all but accomplished. Those long arcades of Scutari, in which dying men sat up to catch the sound of her footstep or the flutter of her dress, and fell back on the pillow content to have seen her shadow as it passed, are now comparatively deserted. She may be thinking how to escape, as best she may, on her return the demonstration of a nation’s appreciation of the deeds and motives of Florence Nightingale.”

The late King Edward VII. many years afterwards conferred upon her the dignity of a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and in November 1907 he appointed her to the Order of Merit, a decoration established in 1902. Miss Nightingale is the only woman on whom this Order has been conferred, it being the custom in this country—as the most cursory glance at the “honours” list will show—to give State recognition only to services rendered by the male members of the community.

In February, 1908, the City of London presented her with the Freedom of the City, in testimony—so ran the resolution—“of their appreciation of her philanthropic and successful efforts for the improvement of hospital nursing and management, whereby invaluable results have been attained for the alleviation of human suffering.”

There is on foot at the present time a scheme for erecting a national public memorial in her honour, and a large and influential committee has been selected for the purpose of carrying it out in the best possible way.

The Passing of “Sairey Gamp.”

It may almost be said that Miss Nightingale’s work in life began with her return from the Crimea, for in spite of the ill-health with which she was afflicted,

the great task of nursing reform immediately occupied her attention. From her sick room came many stirring appeals to the women of England to take up this important branch of service, but it was a profession that, despite the *cachet* that she herself had given to it, was still viewed with prejudice and apprehension. District nursing occupied a prominent place in Miss Nightingale's plans, but the sick poor were associated in Mrs. Grundy's mind with "dirty paupers" and attendance on them was no fit task for a lady! She fought steadily and persistently against this tide of ignorance and prejudice. "The much prated of 'woman's work' and 'woman's sphere,'" she wrote, "is to bring the best she has—whatever it is—to the work of God's world. She is not to refrain from doing what she has the power to accomplish simply because it has hitherto been considered man's work. She must do the thing that is good, whether people call it suitable for a woman or not!"

Many valuable books and messages came from her pen, and the number of educated women ready and willing to take up the great work steadily increased. More than 100,000 copies of the "Notes on Nursing: What it is, and What it is not," were sold, and little wonder; for it is crammed from cover to cover with expert advice, put into such homely and interesting phrasing that it can be understood by the most inexperienced.

The Best Monument to Her Memory.

The National Association for Providing Trained Nurses for the Sick Poor was one outcome of her efforts and keen interest in the subject. A most important result of this was the establishment of the Queen's Jubilee Nurses' Institute, with which the Association above mentioned was affiliated. All over the country now trained nurses for the sick inmates of poverty-stricken homes are to be found, and if Florence Nightingale's life had resulted in nothing more than the accomplishment of such a work as this it would have been gloriously worth while!

But perhaps the best and most enduring monument to her greatness is the Training Home for Nurses that she founded in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital, with the money that was publicly subscribed for her on her return from the war. This Home—the cradle of the present system of nursing it may be called—was opened in May, 1860; and when the new St. Thomas's, the present palatial building opposite the Houses of Parliament, was built, the Nightingale Training Home became a part of it. In the dining hall of the Nightingale Wing stands a beautiful statue of her, modelled in the character of the Lady with the Lamp.

Cubic Space for the Soldier.

In the midst of all this important work the needs of the soldier were not forgotten. It is said that her sick room was like a branch of the War Office, so filled was it with schemes for army reform and communications from all classes of soldiers. She insisted that he must have more cubic space, better food, better—much better—sanitation. Up to the time of the Crimean War the sanitary conditions surrounding the army were an absolute disgrace to civilization. The mortality returns amongst soldiers in barracks were more than double those of civilians. Consumption, fever and dysentery slew their tens of thousands. "Tommy" was looked upon as a mere fighting machine. Drink and dissolute habits were regarded as his natural mode of living, and no efforts were put forward to save him from either one or the other.

The horrors of the war however roused the attention of the country to this deplorable state of affairs, and Mr. Sidney Herbert—afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea—attacked the problem of army reform with vigour and determination. Miss Nightingale was in constant and active communication with him, suggesting improvements, and giving him the benefit of her unique experience and insight. At the request of the War Office she drew up an exhaustive report on the working of the Army Medical Department, which was of the

greatest assistance to the authorities in the reorganization of this branch of the service.

The state of the army in India was a matter on which she both felt and wrote strongly. She insistently urged attention to sanitation and hygiene, as the best way of combating its peculiar evils. Needless to say she was a strong opponent of the C.D. Acts, and her name appeared as a signatory to the appeal for the Repeal issued by the women of England in 1869, in company with Josephine Butler, Harriet Martineau, and many other well-known women.

Votes for Women.

The acute stage in the campaign for votes for women came too late for Miss Nightingale to take an active part in it. Indeed, no one would have wished to drag her into the controversy, she had earned her rest. But that she was a convinced Suffragist goes without saying, and the North of England Society for Women's Suffrage is the proud possessor of her signature to an address to Mr. Disraeli thanking him for his favourable vote in the House of Commons, and begging him to do his utmost to remove the injustice under which women householders suffered by being deprived of the Parliamentary vote.

This address is to be seen at the present day at the offices of the above Society, and on the occasion of the debate in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in October, 1909, between Suffragists and Anti-Suffragists, the former,—who were represented by Councillor Margaret Ashton, Mrs. F.T. Swanwick, M.A., and Miss Margaret Robertson, B.A.,—were able triumphantly to refute the opposer's statement that Miss Nightingale was not a Suffragist, by a general invitation to the audience to come and see it.

The Passing of Santa Filomena.

She died on August 13th, 1910, at the great age of ninety. By her express desire no public ceremonial took place at her funeral. It was carried out with the

utmost simplicity and privacy, though the whole nation longed to do her honour. Had it been permitted, that simple ceremony at the graveside would have been replaced by obsequies such as few kings could have commanded. No monarch ever reigned as Florence Nightingale reigned. She saved life on as gigantic a scale as monarchs have destroyed it in times gone by. The dynasty she has founded is a gracious one of succour and service, tenderness and care, in place of the warlike, conquering dynasty that is the glory of kings, and every white-capped nurse in the country is wrapped round in some degree with the honour and sanctity with which Florence Nightingale has endowed her profession.

By shunning the light, by choosing a low standard of performance and attainment, Authority slaughtered its tens of thousands. By bringing her light to bear on the dark places, by refusing to be content with anything less than the best, our Lady of the Lamp saved her tens of thousands; and when the names of those who slew are lost, obscured, forgotten, the name of her who saved will shine with undimmed radiance, a beacon light for ages yet to come.

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